

# Newport

# Mercury.

ESTABLISHED JUNE 12, 1758.

VOLUME XCIII.

*Newport Mercury,*  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
COGGESHALL & F. A. PRATT.  
GEO. C. MASON, EDITOR.  
No 1 Old Stand—No. 123 Thames Street

MS.—Two Dollars per annum, or \$1.75 if sent is made strictly in ADVANCE.  
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the Lower rate. Deduction made to those who advertise by  
No paper discontinued (unless at the option of the proprietors) until arrears are paid.

## Poetry.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN,

By coachman in the moonlight there,  
Looks through the sidelight of the door;  
hears him with his brethren swear,  
As I could do,—but only more.  
Fattening his nose against the pane  
He envies my brilliant lot;  
tells how his aching fists in vain,  
And wishes me a place more hot.

It sees me to the supper go,  
A silken wonder by my side  
bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row  
Of flowers for the door too wide.

He thinks how happy is my arm  
'Neath its white gloved and jewelled load,  
And wishes me some dreadful harm,  
Hearing the merry corks explode.

Meanwhile I only curse the bore  
Of hunting still the same old coon,  
And carry him, outside the door,  
In golden quiet of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold  
As the bright smiles he sees me win,  
Nor our host's oldest wine so old  
As our poor gable—water—thin.

I envy him the ungived grace  
By which his freezing feet he warms,  
And drag my lady's-chains and dance,  
The gailey slave of dreary forms.

Or I could have my share of dia  
And I his quiet—past a doubt  
Would still be one man bored within,  
And just another bored without.

[*Putnam's Monthly*

TO LIBERATE,

BY BERNARD HARTON, Esq.

Leisure! there are to whom thy wealth,  
Seems but a source of sorrow;  
Oh! teach the wistful heart by stealth,  
Thy gifts—their grief to borrow.

For these I've panted; then I've prized  
Beyond their estimation:

For thee I've gladly sacrificed  
Sleep, health, and recreation.

The feast of reason, flow of soul,\*  
To win thus I have barter'd;

For these I've given up many a stroll  
Through Nature's haunts uncharter'd.

While some who own them seem the while  
As if they sought to shun thee,  
Early and late I wo'd thy smile  
And yet have never won thee.

The sunny heath, the shady grove,  
The ramble o'er and through them,  
Are joys a poet's heart must love  
But thou must guide him to them.

What is a book when lacking thee?

A fountain seal's or hidden;

Even the lyre without the key  
Is but a toy forbidden.

For love of thee, and not itself,  
Life seems a thing to covet;

For thee alone, I pine for self,

For thee could stoop to love it.

Since wealth not only can supply

What worldlings make a trade of,—

Commanding thee, its dress can buy

The staff that life is made of.

## Agriculture.

BUTTER, maker should remember these few short rules:—

The newer and sweeter the cream, sweet-er and higher flavored will be the butter.

The air must be fresh and pure in the room or cellar where the milk is set.

The cream should not remain on the milk over thirty-six hours.

Keep the cream in tin pails, or stone pots, into which put in a spoonful of salt at the beginning, then stir the cream lightly each morning and evening; this will prevent the cream from moulding or souring.

Churn as often as once a week, and as much oftener as circumstances will permit.

Upon churning, add the cream upon all the milk in the dairy.

Use nearly an ounce of salt to a pound of butter.

Work the butter over twice, to free it from the buttermilk and brine, before lumping and packing.

Be certain that it is entirely free from every particle of buttermilk, or coagulated milk, and it will keep sweet forever.

In Scotland, a siphon is sometimes used to separate the milk from the cream, instead of skimming the pails.

LEATHER FOR MANURE.—Old boots and shoes, and old harness and shoe shop scraps are first-rate manure.

They may be eaten up in ashes or ley, added to the compost heap, or chopped fine and plowed in the soil. Old woolen rags and scraps of wool, hair, skins, all should be treated in the same way.

BEEFS.—Give salt to bees by laying it on the corner of the board in front of the hive. They need it as much as cattle, or other animals; and when not supplied, they are often seen in the mud around the door.

## Selected Cal.

### THE MAN OVER THE WAY.

BY ALFRED W. SOLÉ.

When a man has no business of his own to attend to, it is notorious that he is fond of twaddling with his neighbor's—Old half-pay officers, naval or military, unmarried ladies of uncertain age and small means, widows without incumbencies—these, and a few others, are the greatest meddlers and busy-bodies in creation.—Young men of small fortune and no profession are less inclined to sin in this respect; but they can scarcely be said to have nothing to do, because they generally have a frightful amount of mischief on their hands to perpetrate; and this keeps them so well occupied, (ill-occupied we should say,) that they have not so much time to attend to other people's affairs as might be imagined.

When I avow that I belong to the class of bachelors I have mentioned, a charitable reader will naturally conclude that I am what the French call a *maveau suis*. Such is far from the case. Positively I am not aware of any particular amount of inquiry that can be laid at my door. I neither game, drink, keep bad hours, or commit other peccadilles which go to swell the list of sins usually booked to an idle man's account. Perhaps I ought not to take too much credit to myself for my exemption from these little bachelors' infirmities—because I am dreadfully in love.—Absorbed as I am in this passion, I have no thoughts to give to dissipation—the idol of my heart possesses them altogether.

Lovers are proverbially selfish; they think of no one but themselves. I form no exception to the rule, saving in one instance—I have long had a terrible curiosity to know all about "The Man over the Way"; but I must be a little more explicit. I live in lodgings, at nineteen bachelors out of twenty do, unless they have chambers in the temple. The house in which my rooms are, stands in a narrow street in the neighborhood of Hyde Park. Exactly opposite, occupying a first door like myself, is the gentleman concerning whom my curiosity is excited, and whom I have named "The Man over the Way."

He apparently a man of fifty or sixty years of age, sunburnt in face, and with iron grey hair. He is dressed always in a long black coat, grey trousers and waistcoat, and a black neckerchief of the old style—that is to say, two or three yards of silk swathed round his throat, as an Egyptian mummy is wrapped in linen. There is nothing very remarkable in the man's appearance, and yet he possesses a strange fascination for me. I cannot help thinking of him, and looking at him, and wondering what he is, and who he is, and whether he has anything to do with my fate; for, ridiculous as the last to some may seem, I cannot divest myself of the idea that this man is bound up in some mysterious way with my history. It is perfectly useless to reason with myself on the supposition, and point out its absurdity; I believe it, and I cannot shake my faith by any process of logical induction.

In consequence of this idea, I am become as curious (so far as this individual is concerned) as any of the old half-pays, or maiden ladies, or unincumbered widows, I have mentioned. If I see a butcher boy with meat in his tray going near the house, I watch to see if he calls there, and wonder whether the meat is the dinner of "The Man over the Way." If I see the Man himself reading, I wonder what book he has, and what he thinks of it. But beyond everything, I wonder what he thinks of me, and what he designs to do regarding me; for I am perfectly certain that he watches me almost as much as I do himself.

And yet the reader must not suppose that I think of "The Man over the Way" so exclusively as to make me forget my adored Julia—for from it; I write to her every day, and the baker's man delivers my letter to the cook, and the cook gives it to the lady's maid; and the lady's maid passes it into the hands of Julia herself.

The penny post would be more expeditious no doubt, but also there would be no security about it; and our course of true love runs not smooth, as a curmudgeon of a father has forbidden me the house, and commanded Julia never to think of me again. How foolish these old gentleman are, Mr. Sniggles, (that's the papa in question) by his absurd unreasonable conduct, gives pain to Julia and myself, and forces our correspondence to pass through three hands—the maid, the cook, and the baker's man—instead of the more natural and proper one of the postman alone. As for making Julia forget me—talk of making the Ganges remount to its source, or Mount Blanc dwindle to an ant-hill, and you would be as reasonable as in supposing that anything could shake the constancy of the angelic girl.

And why is she to forget me? What

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 17, 1854.

NUMBER 4,832.



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[*Putnam's Monthly*

come, and thus be entitled to ask for her hand with a better chance of success than as an idle man with £220 a year. Rather a slow process, I feared; but what sort of life to know how you can speak so positively about my writing love letters at all?

"And as for the second accusation—your impertinent curiosity about myself—" continued the Man, "you say nothing, because you know that you are guilty. We differ in our ideas as to 'twaddle,' sir; but I call comparisons of a young lady's eyes when crying, to violets bathed in dew-drops, the insanest and most mawkish 'twaddle.'

I started—for, by Jove, it was the very comparison I had used in one of my latest letters to Julia, though I don't think it at all twaddling one after all.

"How do you know the contents of my letter, sir?" I exclaimed.

"Letters that have to pass through the hands of baker's men, cooks, and lady's maids are not likely to have their contents greatly respected," replied the Man.

"The deuce!" I exclaimed, wondering which of the wretches had betrayed me.

"However," continued my host, as if divining my suspicions, "you need not think that I get my information from baker's men, cooks, or ladies' maids.

"Then how?"

"That's my affair," said the Man, interrupting me. "Perhaps you will not explain what it was you came to consult me on."

"Really, sir," I answered, "you seem to know so many things, and in such mysterious ways, that perhaps you know my object as well as I can tell you."

"No, I don't," was the reply; "but I'll tell you all I know. I know that you are an idle young man cursed with a small inheritance—that you fell in love with the pretty face of the daughter of a leather merchant; that the leather merchant, like a sensible man, refused to let his daughter marry you, and kicked you out of his house"—here I made a jesture of indignation—"hold your tongue; I speak plainly, and practically, that you were then dishonest enough to keep up a clandestine correspondence with the lady, and to have clandestine meetings with her; deceiving her father, and making her do the same, besides causing both of you to be the jest and by-words of cooks, maids, and bakers' men; for me to be unable to apply for advice, to lose the chance also of gaining Julia—if I did think that this would follow my rejection of the offer—what should I do?"

"If I accept," said I, after a pause, "will you guarantee me?"

"Noting!" was the reply that cut me short. "I tell you to work, and I offer you the means of doing so."

"I accept," I cried in desperation.

The Man took a pen and wrote a short note, which he handed me to read. It was simply a letter of recommendation of me, the bearer, for employment in the house of the firm to whom it was addressed.

I handed it back with thanks. He wrote the direction, and gave me the letter. It was addressed, "Messrs. Sniggles & Co."

"Why?" exclaimed I, "it is the father of—"

"It appears that I could not have come to a better man," replied I, "for you certainly seem to have studied the case."

He smiled, and I saw that I had gained an advantage on the last point.

"Then we will say no more about it," cried he. "You want my advice? You shall have it. Give up all thoughts of the lady instantly."

"Never!" cried I.

"Exactly," replied the Man—"precisely the answer I expected."

"Have you no other advice?" I asked, for I felt helplessly driven to depend on this sage, who knew all my secrets by some mysterious means that I could not divine, but whose very mystery increased my awe for their possessor."

"Yes," he replied, "I have."

"What is it?" I asked eagerly.

"Work!" replied he, with wonderful emphasis; and he spoke not another word, but, ringing the bell, he showed me to the door, and bowed me out.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a long time before I recovered from my surprise at the mysterious interview with "The Man over the Way." That he should know all about my affairs was only less extraordinary than that I should have always felt so strange a curiosity regarding him.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio;

Than are dreamt in your philosophy."

said I, quoting Hamlet; but I got no satisfactory explanation of the matter by such quotation. The most reasonable supposition seemed to be that he must have been incessantly watching me, and this (though I scarcely knew it) made me watch him, and feel attracted to him in return. But the great point now was—should I follow his advice? and if so, what did the advice mean?

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said I, and sat down in the nearest chair.

The man stared at me in a way that made me suspect he contemplated suddenly seizing the poker, and cracking my skull with it; but instead of doing so, he gradually sunk into his chair, and said—

"I rather like you now, young man: Still it is a pity you have not a little more of that energy at ordinary times."

"What do you know about it?" cried I, in surprise.

"I know





## TO THE INVALIDS OF NEWPORT.

### PULVERMACHERS.

HYDRO ELECTRIC VOLTAIRE CHAINS—  
For the first time presented to an entire  
new, most and effectual mode of applying Elec-  
tro Magnetism, in the instant relief and perma-  
nent cure of all nervous diseases.

If the people of Newport are pleased with a  
long extravagant advertisement, we are disposed  
to displease for once, and give them a very brief  
notice of their HISTORY.

The Electric Chains were first discovered and  
used in France, about three years since, when the  
frequent and wonderful cures they produce of ner-  
vous diseases attracted the attention of the  
first Medical men in Paris, who still further tested  
their power and readily pronounced, that they  
rarely did instantly relieve pain, more quickly

—could be done by *Opium* or *any of its com-  
pounds*. Within the last two years, they have  
been introduced into England, Germany, Austria,  
Prussia, Belgium and secured, and patented in  
those Countries, and one year since introduced in  
the United States, and are now on exhibition  
in the Crystal Palace—they are highly recom-  
mended by Professor Mott—Van Buren—Post—Car-  
negian, of New York, and are also used in every  
Hospital in that city.

### 1000 DOLLARS

will be given to any person, who will produce so  
many *certificates* and *certificates* of cure of the  
following diseases as has been performed within  
the last year by the use of the *Electric Chains*.

Nervous Headache, Painful and swelled joints  
Rheumatism, Palpitation of the heart  
Neuralgia of the face, Dyspepsia Flatulence  
Drowsiness, Blindness, Pains in the Back  
St. Vitus Dance, General Debility  
Hysterics, Nervous Cough, Asthma  
AND ALL NERVOUS DISEASES.

They are not received for Diseases which  
are not mentioned; it is claimed and can  
satisfactorily prove that no *miserable dis-  
tressing, filthy, bottled nostrum*, has ever performed  
one *single* cure where the Chains have seldom if ever  
failed to produce *instant relief*, if not a permanent  
re.

For information on any subject connected with  
the Exhibition, address

## RIODE ISLAND HORSE SHOW.

THE Rhode Island Society for the Encouragement  
of Domestic Industry have made arrangements  
for an Exhibition of Horses at Providence,  
on the 21st and 22d of June, in the  
place of the following: Trotting Park, open-  
ing competition out of the State. An amount of  
Premiums offered \$550. For particulars refer-  
ence is made to the show bill. All horses desig-  
ned for exhibition, or sale, will be entered on the  
following terms:

Single Horses, \$1  
Matched Horses, 2

Owners of all horses entered will be presented  
with a season ticket. Display and trials of speed  
will be in harness attached to light carriage,  
or for saddle horses.

Judges will be selected without regard to  
citizenship. An efficient police force will be in  
attendance.

The Boston and Providence, Providence and  
Worcester, and Stonington Railroad Companies  
generously offered a free passage, one way,  
for all horses designed for exhibition.

A sale of Horses, at auction, will take place  
in the morning of the 23d of June, in the Butler  
lot in Providence. Free to all those who have  
properly entered them for the fair, for sale  
of the same.

The R. I. Horticultural Society have an Exhibi-  
tion of Flowers, Fruits and Early Vegetables,  
at the Railroad Hall in Providence, on the 20th  
and 22d of June next.

### BUTTER.

An exhibition of Butter, in boxes, will take  
place in the Railroad Hall, at 9 o'clock a. m., on  
the 20th of June. \$28 are offered in Premiums.

### MOVING MACHINES.

The transportation of Moving Machines will  
be paid to Providence, in case the proprietors  
thereof will put them in operation before the  
public on the 20th of June next, on land gradually  
provided and selected for the purpose.—A  
successful experiment might lead to extensive  
sales of Machines for the approaching fair.

For information on any subject connected with  
the exhibition, address

STEPHEN H. SMITH, Secy.  
May 13. Providence, R. I.

## HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION

BY THE RHODE ISLAND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY

IN THE CENTRAL HALL RAIL ROAD STATION, PROVIDENCE,

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20TH & 21ST, 1854.

ADMISSION 12 CENTS.

AT RETAIL.

GEO. W. WARREN & CO.,  
192 Washington st.,  
BOSTON.

## DUFFIELD'S AMERICAN HAMS.

THE SUBSCRIBERS having received a fresh  
consignment of Duffield's Hams—the Pi-  
oneer Brad—now prepared to supply all orders  
for this unrivaled article. The mode of  
curing Hams, practiced by Duffield, of Louis-  
ville, Kentucky, is the best known in the  
world, and the taste of his Hams is unsurpassed.

They are cured under the immediate care of  
Duffield & Co., Louisville, Kentucky, and are  
especially prepared for summer keeping. Of  
their high standing in every market where they  
have been introduced, no one need be afraid to  
speak.—They are only to be tested to give  
utmost satisfaction. The Duffield Hams are used  
to all the principal hotels in the country.

Orders for the above, received, and the trade  
supplied on favorable terms by

C. SHERMAN & CO.,  
No. 8 Market square, Sole Agents for Newport,  
May 6, 1854.—tf.

## FURNITURE.

A new and fashionable lot of  
Furniture just received by

COTTRELL & BRYER,

consisting of Wardrobes, Dressers, Tete-a-Tetes,  
Lounge Bedsteads, Card Tables, Extension do-  
bunes, Bedsteads, Side-Boards, What-Not,  
Teapoy, Cabinets, Ottomans, Chairs, Looking  
Glasses.

MATRESSES, FEATHER BEDS, &c.

All of which will be sold at the lowest marke-

prices.

Coffins of all descriptions manufactured at  
the shortest notice.

COTTRELL & BRYER,  
April 22, 1854.—ly

37 Church st.

## BOOTS & SHOES.

THE SUBSCRIBER having purchased and fit-  
ted up in elegant style the large and well  
arranged Store two doors South of his old stand  
and next North of James Hammond's, would now  
solicit the attention of his friends and the public  
generally to his new and varied stock of Boots  
Shoes, &c. With his present arrangements he is  
enabled to execute orders with the greatest  
promptitude, and to pledge himself to the  
satisfaction of all who favor him with their cus-  
tom. New Goods constantly received and for  
sale at the lowest market prices, and every artic-  
le in his line made to order and warrantied to  
TOMAS SEABURY,  
140 Thames Street.

March 18, 1854.—3m.

Court of Probate, Newport, June 5, 1854.

THE COMMISSIONERS hereto appointed to  
receive and examine the claims against the estate  
of STEPHEN E. STANTON,

late of Newport, deceased, present their report

for reception, the same is read and referred for  
consideration to a court of Probate to be held on  
at the city clerk's office Newport, on Monday,  
the 3d day of July next at 10 o'clock A. M.—

Notice is ordered to be given thereof for three  
successive weeks in the Newport Mercury, that  
all persons interested may appear if they see  
cause at said time and place to show cause if  
any, why said report should not be received and  
the commission closed.

June 10. B. B. HOWLAND, Prob. Clk.

Court of Probate, Newport, June 5, 1854.

P. REMINGTON Executor presents his 5th  
account on the estate of Jonathan Bailey,  
late of Newport deceased for allowance, the same  
is received and referred for consideration to a  
Court of Probate to be held on the City Clerk's  
office Newport, Monday the 3d day of July  
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next at 10 o'clock A. M. Notice is ordered to be  
given for three successive weeks in the Newport  
Mercury, that all persons interested may appear  
if they see cause at said time and place to show  
cause if any, why said report should not be received  
and the commission closed.

June 10. B. B. HOWLAND, Prob. Clk.

Court of Probate, Newport, June 5, 1854.

P. REMINGTON Executor presents his 5th  
account on the estate of Jonathan Bailey,  
late of Newport deceased for allowance, the same  
is received and referred for consideration to a  
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